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## Two Documents

Well, Diary, these are the human problems.

H. became very nervous about her daughter's Holy Communion dress, it not being white enough, the dressmaker passing off more of a kind of cream color, she felt. So she snapped at L. over a bit of bookkeeping, something L. had always done that way.

L. cried, and then Uncle Peacemaker entered the woeful! scene.

My door open a few inches, I'm viewing them now in the outer office, backlit and looking ethereal and altogether lovely in the green light of this Spring afternoon. Ah now! H. is opening the box and showing the dress, and L. assures her that it is quite quite white indeed!--while pouring another cup of tea for both.

The glowing steam wreathes round them and makes me think that life itself is beautiful, however troublesome, at times, our duty. Well, once a romantic...

At any rate, business! I'll let the ladies talk all the more, writing my letter by hand instead of dictating to H.

Dear Dr. G.,

Perhaps you would honor us with another visit. With all respect, I believe the gas to be too slow--I'm not a chemist

but suspect the concentration too minimal--or just a faulty batch(?) Please phone to make an appointment. (I write you by hand because my ladies are just now healing a tiff, and I choose not to interrupt.) Ah the human aspects of our work!